Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, } "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* { EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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TERMS.

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TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived at Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power. Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going, a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by his daily labor.

"Is there an American staying here?" he asked of the landlord of the hotel.—"I am bound across the water, and would like a letter to some persons of influence in the new world."

The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain; whether an American or Englishman I cannot say."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In a far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, with his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, as he gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline—the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, and said if he was an American, he solicited his kind and friendly offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the new world, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter to yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner. The scenes of Paris have filled me with such a horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise compared with a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends.

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the neat chamber—his head downcast, but his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice full of meaning:

"I am the only man in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend, not one, in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look, which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next door.

"Your name?"

"My name," with a smile that had more mockery than joy in his convulsive expression, "my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair, gasping the words,

"Arnold the traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that desolate room at that inn of Havre, his crimes found him out and he was forced to tell his name, that name the synonyme of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless; that his cold brow was not moistened by one farewell tear, that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering *John Andre!* in his ears; and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart; murmuring forever—"True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the Traitor!"

BIRTH ON THE CARS.—On Capt. Dukehart's passenger train between this city and Baltimore, recently, there was one more passenger than had gotten on at any particular station suddenly made his appearance into this "breathing world," in the ladies' car. The lady and the lady's husband, who had a particular claim on the young adventurer, and were from New York, were very kindly cared for by Captain Dukehart, and the baggage master, Mr. James Young. The name of the locomotive attached to this important train was "Reindeer," and the little fellow, in honor of the peculiar occasion and circumstances, was christened Reindeer Dukehart Monroe and we understand is now doing well.—*Wheeling Intel.*

THE HABITATION OF CRUELTY.

The present state of Feejee is deplorable in the extreme, notwithstanding the numerous triumphs of the gospel there. A few incidents given in the Wesleyan Missionary Notices by the eye-witness, illustrate the signal condition of the islanders:

Strangling of widows has engaged our frequent attention, and called forth our utmost energies: Six or eight women have been directly saved from this inhuman practice by our interposition, and several others indirectly and principally by the influence of what we have done. Some of these have subsequently *lotuted.* These scenes require no ordinary promptitude and sacrifice. We have to adopt the Feejecan national custom of presenting property when requesting a favor, and hitherto to each life has involved the expense of about £1.

But sometimes our interference is prevented, and sometimes it is spurned and ineffectual. A few months ago a man died in a heathen town within a mile of ours. Mr. Malvern and I at once hastened to the abode of death; but the people fearing our arrival, and having heard of our success in other quarters, had already strangled the widow. We entered the house; there were the husband and wife both sleeping in death. We examined the woman's body but the last spark of life was extinguished.

"Ah! and there stood the son of those now dead, who with fiendish expression lifted up his hands and told that by those his mother had died:

"Ah!" was our language, "this is seen in heaven; this will not be forgotten in heaven; its punishment will follow."

A few weeks afterwards I stood by an open grave in that town. I had gone in pursuit of the widow of a young man brought home a corpse from war. Her friends had consigned her to our care, and she had escaped from us. I stood by the open grave, that I might witness the ceremony of a heathen burial; the corpse was brought out shrouded in mats; a bullet had pierced the brain. I looked upon the dead, I recognised the features, it was too, matricide!

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as the corpse was lain in its resting place, "did we not speak the truth when we said, "His sin was seen in heaven: its punishment would follow?"

Several women have, in spite of our efforts, been strangled; and wherever there is a son, he is chosen to be the principal agent in the murder of his mother.—Within my own knowledge a father has, with his own hands, suffocated (by choking or gagging) his own daughter who was sick. One day, standing by the corpse of a warrior, painted and blackened as if for war, the club lying by his brother, I enquired the cause of his death. The reply from that brother was, "He was very ill and I suffocated him."

Infanticide is written on another page of Feejecan life. I wish to confine my illustrations as much as possible to cases that bear directly upon the point, and that have passed under the immediate notice of myself or other missionaries, or credible informants. Nothing do I state on mere rumor.

A woman brought me a child who, from want of proper treatment, was nearly dead. I undertook to proscribe for it, if the mother would reside for a time in the house of one of the servants, so that it met with proper attention. My treatment was successful; the disease was subdued, the child could again run about, talk and eat; in a day or two the mother could have returned to her friends but maternal patience was exhausted, and one night she suffocated it. A man was informed that his wife had given birth to a daughter. Fearing of its sex he at once directed it to be strangled. Again, a female child was spared for months; its death was then resolved upon by the parents. They dug a deep hole in the centre of the earthen floor of their house,—the father flung into the grave his helpless and innocent babe. He then cast some heavy stones with violence upon it, and filled up the grave with earth.—These inhuman parents still occupy that house. The daily tread over the decaying remains of their murdered child. Such is Feejee in the present day.

MAKE LABOR FASHIONABLE.—Governor Wright, of Indiana, in his address at the New York State Fair, alluded in beautiful language, to the connection between enlightened agriculture and the development of the social and moral nature of man—between agriculture and independence—between agriculture and the sacredness of domestic relations and endearments—between agriculture and the recognition of that Providence upon whose care the farmer, more than any other man, should, from the nature of his pursuits, rely. And of labor, he said:

At the bases of the prosperity of any people lies this great principle—make labor fashionable at home. Educate, instruct, encourage and offer all the incentives you can offer, to give interest and dignity to labor at home. Enlist the heart and the intellect of the family in the support of a domestic system that will make labor attractive at the homestead. By means of the powerful influence of an early home education, endeavor to invest practical labor with an interest that will cheer the heart of each member of the family; and thereby you will give to your household the grace, peace, refinement and attraction which God designed a *home* should possess.

☞ Some malicious persons assert that the letters M. D., which are placed after physician's names signify "Money Down." Our Bob says they mean "Man Destroyer."

☞ A never failing crop—the crop of candidates for office.

Lines to a Stone Jug.

Here, only by a cork controll'd
And slender wall of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The stammering tongue, the horrid oath;
The first for fighting nothing loth;
The passions which no words can tame,
That burst like sulphur into flame;
The nose, carbuncled, glowing red;
The blacken'd eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murdering maiming, and dispute;
Assault that innocence assails;
The image of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent;
The midnight hours in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And Jack the hangman in the rear.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Heroism of a Woman.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggles, in the small village of S———, in Pennsylvania, lived V——, one of the finest and truest patriots within the limits of the the "old thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his time and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and amunition, sufficient to arm the males of his household. These consisted of three sons and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his house consisted of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, about eighteen years of age, the heroine of our tale and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling-house, immediately over the front door, was a small room called "armory," in which the arms were deposited, and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time we introduced our story, the neighborhood of our village was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowling and depredations of numerous tories.

It was on a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon in the aforesaid summer when judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and the old indisposed slave, were attending services in the village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—not a sound profaned the sacred stillness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catherine herself and an old slave remained in the house until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door. "Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have not yet come home—church can't be dismissed." The rap was repeated, "I will see who it is," said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the windows and looking down she saw six men standing at the front door and on the opposite sid of the street, three of whom she knew were tories, who formerly resided in the village.—Their names were Van Zat, Finley and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them.

Van Zat was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in the vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of ——— that he did not get the credit of planning or executing. The character of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zat was a master spirit of iniquity. The appearance of such character, under such circumstances must have been truly alarming to any young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V—— possessed her father's spirit, "the spirit of the times." Van Zat was standing on the stoop rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the opposite side of the way.

"Is Judge V—— at home?" asked Van Zat, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of pressing importance with him, if you will open the door,' said Van Zat, "we will walk in until he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church he left particulars directions not to have the door opened until he and his family returned. You had better call when church is dismissed."

"No I'll not," returned he, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible," cried she, "you cannot enter until he returns."

"Open the door," cried he, "or we will break it down, and burn you and the house up together." So saying, he threw himself with all the force he possessed against the door. at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted their efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catherine, "or you are a dead man," at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon the companions of Van Zant, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

"What," cried the leader, "you cowards! are you frightened at the threats of a girl? and again he threw himself violent against the door. The weapon was immediately discharged, and Van Zant fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females rushed out to ascertain the cause.

On looking towards the residence of Judge V—— they perceived five men running at full speed to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase; and from an upper window of his residence a handkerchief was waving, as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival, Van Zant was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength enough to acknowledge that they had long contemplated robbing the house, and had been frequently concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when lying concealed in the woods they saw the Judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead tory was taken and buried by the sexton of the church, as he had no relatives in that city.

After an absence of two hours or thereabouts the negroes returned having succeeded in capturing Finley, and one of the strangers, who were that night confined, and the next morning at the earnest solicitations of Judge V——, liberated on the promise of amending their lives.

It was in the month of October of the same year that Catharine V—— was sitting by an upper back window in her father's house knitting; though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the rear of the house was a barn, a huge old fashioned edifice, with upper and lower folding doors; and accidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small door (on a range with the front door and window at which she was sitting) open, and a number of men enter. The occurrence of summer immediately presented itself to her mind, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in the field at some distance from the house, led her to suspect that that opportunity had been improved by some of Van Zant's friends to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises. It was Finley's.

Their object was now evident. Going to the armory, she selected a well loaded musket and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window sill, between the window curtains, and taking deliberate aim she fired.—What effect she had produced she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn by the same door they had entered. The report brought her father and his workmen to the house, and going to the barn, the dead body of Finley lay on the floor.

Catharine V—— afterwards married a Captain of the Continential army, and she lives, the honored mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The old house is also "in the land of the living," and has been the scene of many pranks of the writer of this tale, in the hey-dey of mischievous boyhood.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

On "Independence Day" we took a steamer for the county of Rockland, determined to pass the Fourth in peace and quietness, and desirous of refreshing our patriotism amidst the scenes hallowed by the sacred memories of the Revolution.—We visited Washington's head-quarters at the little village of Tappan; the "Seventy-six House," where Andre was confined, the place where he was executed, the grave where he was buried, and whence he was exhumed. We conversed with a venerable old lady, who gave him four peaches on the morning in which he went forth to die. "He thanked me with a sweet smile," she said, "but some how or 'nother didn't seem to have an appetite. He only bit into one of 'em."

Standing by his grave, we could see across the broad Hudson, the very place he was arrested by Van Wart, Williams, and Paulding, and the gleaming of a white monument erected to their memory; the place where Washington stood when Andre went forth to die upon the gallows.

The following account of Andre's execution is one of the most minute and interesting that we ever read. It is furnished by Mr. William G. Haeselbarth, of Rockland county, the history of which he is engaged in writing. It was taken down from the lips of a soldier of Colonel Seduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed a short distance from where poor Andre suffered.

One of our men whose name was Armstrong, being one of the oldest and best workmen at the trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he did and painted it black, as was the custom at the period.

At this time Andre was confined in what was called the old Dutch Church—a small stone building with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels.

When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which was at two o'clock in the afternoon, a guard of three hundred were paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was formed by placing the guard in single file on each side of the road. In front were a large number of American officers of high rank on horseback. These were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin, then a large number of officers on foot, with Adre in their midst.

The procession wound slowly up a moderate rising-ground about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure; and on this was a very high gallows, made by sitting two poles or crotches, and laying a pole on the top.

The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn direct under the gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat and laid it down; then placed his hand upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as far as the length of the wagon would permit, at the same time casting his eyes up to the pole over his head, and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded.

He was dressed in a complete British uniform. His coat was of the brightest scarlet, face trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under clothes, vest and breeches, were light buff; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which agreeable to fashion, was wound with a black ribbon and hung down his back.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on the one end of which was what the soldiers in those days called a "hangman's knot," which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre; but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented.

Andre now took off the handkerchief from his neck; unpinned his shirt collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat a handkerchief, and tied it before his eyes, This done, the officer who commanded spoke in a rather loud voice, and said:

"*His hands must be tied.*"

Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, which he gave to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief.

His arms at this time were tied just above the elbow, and behind the back.

The rope was them made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of the rope, gave him a tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung entirely still.

During the whole transaction he seemed as little daunted as John Rogers when he was about to be burnt to the stake, although his countenance was rather pale.

He remained hanging from twenty to thirty minutes, and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by whom he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground.

Shortly after the guard was withdrawn; and spectators were permitted to come forward and view the corpse; but the crowd was so great it was a long time before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat, vest and breeches had been taken off and his body laid in the coffin covered by some under clothes. The top of the coffin was not put on.

I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of a human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter had drawn upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and every black, resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a most shocking sight to behold.

There was, at this time, standing at the foot of the coffin, two men of uncommon short stature. Their dress was extremely gaudy. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York to take care of his clothes—but what other business I did not learn.

I now turned to take view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked near enough to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his beard of some two weeks growth; and his whole face covered with what appeared to be of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking creature I never beheld. His whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing.

I remained upon the spot until scarcely twenty persons were left; but the coffin was still bedside the grave, which had previously been dug.

I returned to my tent with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene which I had been called to witness.

THE WAY IT SHOULD BE DONE.

"Mother, how is the flour barrel? ah! getting low?" said a finely built man, as he paused for a moment before leaving the house where his gray-headed parents lived; "I must send you some I have lately bought of the No. 7 brand, *just for you to try*; upon my word it makes the nicest and the sweetest biscuit that I have tasted—and you'll say so, I think."

And next day came the barrel of flour, but not alone. There was a good supply of coffee and tea, and a dozen little nicities, and all *for the old folks just to try.* That man knew the value of kind parents. He was a son to be proud of. Were any repairs to be done, he found it out almost intuitively; and he never called upon them with his hands empty. Something "that mother loved, or would make father think of old times," invarably found its way into their pantry. And he actually seemed to like nothing so well as to leave in their absence some token of his fondness and respect for those who had worn their lives out in serving him.

But ah! how many leave their parents desolate, and in need, or give them a place by their fire side where they are expected to delve and *work out* the obligations. Is it any wonder that such individuals, conscious that they are in the way, grow querulous and fretful, and die, perhaps, unregretted. Others are ashamed of their honest old parents—shame on *hem*—and keep them in some by-place, giving them a small pittance, upon which they can barely subsist.

A would-be fashionable young lady, who had sacrificed everything to appearance, once told some of her newly-made acquaintances, that the familiar old man laboring in the wood yard, was the wood-sawyer. Having gone thus far, she was base enough to carry out the lie, and when he came in for a moment and stood upon the threshold of the door with a childish smile warming his wrinkled face into sunniness as he gazed upon their merriment, instead of calling him by the dear name of father, she schooled herself to say pointing to the yard, "we can't pay you till the whole is done." The old father gazed a moment, in astonishment, comprehended her duplicity, and turned away broken-hearted. Truly then the iron entered his soul, for

"Oh! who can tell
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that has led him gently from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as your tears fall upon the sod that cover the gray-haired father, that you were ever kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly have they ever been, from the time that Adam and Eve gazed upon their first born, as they slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and the cherub form, were all mysteries to them. Willingly they have suffered for us, let us bless them in our heart of hearts, and allow no love of gain or pride of position to tear them thence.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen; [now,
O! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
For loving and kind she has been.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
None loved thee so fondly as he; [tongue,
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
And smiled at thy innocent glee.

CHEROKEE AND WACO BATTLE IN 1829.

In the winter of 1828–9, a large band of Cherokee Indians, looking forward to a settlement in the territory of Texas, arrived at Red River, on their way South. Here they called a halt, and determined to pitch their tents for a year or two, raise corn and "spy out the land," before they came further. They settled in two principal villages, three or four miles apart, with small parties around in every direction for a few miles. Some of their men had, it is supposed, visited the wild tribes as far west as the Brazos, before this.

They had not been at this place very long before their villages were discovered by a party of Wacos, on a robbing expedition from the Brazos; and these freebooters, true to their instincts from time immemorial, lay concealed till the silent midnight hour, and then stealthily entering the herds of the sleeping Cherokees, stampeded their horses, driving off a large number. To follow them was a labor in vain—but to quietly forget the dead was not a maxim among the sons of Tennessee.

A council was held and the matter discussed. After the opinions of the warriors had been given, the principal war chief arose, and in substance said: "My brothers, the wild men of the far off Brazos, have come into our camps, while the Cherokees slept! They have stolen our most useful property. Without horses we are poor, and cannot make corn. The Cherokees will hasten to plant their corn for this spring, and while that is springing from the ground and growing under the smiles of the Great Spirit, and shall be waving around our women and children, we will leave some old men to watch it, and the Cherokee braves will spring upon the cunning Wacos, of the Brazos, as they have sprung upon us."

The corn was planted, and in the month of April, 1829, a war party of fifty-five, well armed, left the village on foot, in search of the Wacos. At this time the principal village of the Wacos, was on the bluff where the beautiful town of Wacos now greets the eye, on the west bank of the Brazos. The Tahucanco (Tawak-a-no) Indians, who have always been more or less, connected with the Wacos, were living on the east bank of the river, three miles below. Both bands had erected rude fortifications by scooping up the earth in various places, and throwing up a circular enbankment, three or four feet high, the remains of which are still to be seen. The principal work of this kind at the Wacos village occupied a natural sink of the surface.

The Cherokees struck the Brazos above the village some forty miles, and traveled downwards till they discovered signs of its proximity, and then secreted themselves in the cedar brakes till night. The greater portion of the night was employed in examining the position, through experient scouts. Having made the necessary observations, the scouts reported near day-light, when the war chief admonished them of what they had come for—revenge! Wacos scalps! horses!—and led them forth from their hiding-place under the bank of the river, to a point of about 400 yards from the wigwams of the slumbring Wacos. Here they halted till rays of light, on that lovely May morning, began to gild the Eastern Horizon. The time of action had come. Moving with the noiseless, elastic step peculiar to the sons of the forest, the Cherokees approached the camp. But a solitary Waco had aroused, and was collecting the remains of his fire of the previous night, preparatory to his morning repast. His Indian ear caught the sound of footsteps on the brush—a glance of his lynx-eye revealed the approaching foe. A single, shrill yell from him, which echoed far and near through the Brazos forest, brought every Waco to his feet. A terrible Cherokee war-whop was their morning greeting, accompanied by a shower of leadened rain. But, though surprised the Wacos outnumbered their assailants many times. Their women and children must be protected or sacrificed—their ancient home, where the bones of their fathers had been buried for ages, was assailed by unknown intruders. Their chiefs rallied their warriors and made a stand—the fight became general, and as the sun rose majestically over the towering trees of the east, he beheld the red men of Texas in deadly strife. But the bows and arrows of the Wacos could not compete with the merciless rifle of the Cherokee. The Wacos were falling rapidly, while the Cherokees were unharmed.

After an hour's strife, amid yells and mutual imprecations, the Wacos signaled a retreat, and they fell back in confusion, taking refuge in the fortified sink-hole. Here, though hemmed in, they were quite secure, having a great advantage. Indeed, they could kill every Cherokee who might per adventure, risk his person too near the brink.

The Cherokees had already killed many, an now held a council to consider they should do. It was proposed by one brave, that they should strip to a state of nature, march into the sink-hole in one body, fire their pieces, then drop them and with their tomahawks endeavor to kill every man, woman and child among the Wacos. A half breed, named Smith, who was in favor of this desperate measure, as an incentive to his comrades, stripped himself, fastened half a dozen horse-bells (which he had picked up in the camp) and commenced galloping and yelling around the sink-hole, now and then jumping on the embankment and then back, cursing the Wacos most lustily. Arrows were hurled at him by the score, but he fell not.

Just as the Cherokee council was coming to a close, at about an hour after sunrise, they heard a noise like the distant thunder on the opposite side of the river, and delayed a few moments to discover its cause. Very soon they discovered a body of mounted Indians rising the river bank a little below them. What could that mean, they murmured one to another! The story is soon told. A messenger had rushed from the Wacos, to the Tahuancano village, begging help, and now two hundred Tahuancano warriors, mounted and ready for the fray were at hand. The whole aspect of the day was changed in a moment. To conquer the combined force was impossible—To escape *themselves* would require prudence.

The Tahucanos in coming up, cut off a Cherokee boy, killed and scalped him, and placing his scalp on a lance, held it defiantly up to the Cherokees. The boy was an only child, and his father beheld this scene. The brave man's eye flared with fury. Without a word he threw from his body every piece of apparel, seized a knife with one hand, and a tomahawk with the other. "What will you," said the chief, "die with my brave boy?—die slaying the wild men who have plucked the last rose from my bosom?" The chief interfered and admonished him it was madness, but the Cherokee listened not. With rapid strides he rushed among the Tahuacanos—upon certain death, but ere death seized its victim, he killed several, and died shouting defiance in their midst.

The Tahuacanos occupied the post oaks just below the Cherokees, and kept up a lusty shout, but ventured not within rifle shot. The latter, seeing that on an open field they could not resist such numbers—having taken fifty-five Waco scalps (equal to their own number) having lost two men and a boy—now fell back into the cedar brake and remained there till night. They were convinced that their safety depended upon a cautious retreat, as if surrounded by prairies, they would be annihilated. When night came on, they crossed the river, traveled down the sand-bank a mile or two, as if they were going down the country; thence turning into the stream, waded up the edge of the water some six or seven miles, (the river being low and remarkably even) and thus eluded pursuit. In due time they reached their Red River villages, without the thousand horses they anticipated, but with fifty-five Waco scalps—glory enough in their estimation. The tribe was speedily called together for a grand war-dance.

For miles around, the American settlements were surprised to see such a commotion and gathering among the Indians. A gentleman, my informant, was there visiting a widowed sister. He rode up to the Cherokee encampment, inquired into the cause of the movement, and was invited to alight and spend the day. He did so, and witnessed one of the grandest war-dances he ever saw, and he is an old Indian fighter. A very intelligent man, a half-breed named Chrisholm, one of the fifty-five, gave him a full history of the whole transaction. He noted it carefully, and from him I received it.

The gentleman is Captain Thomas Barron, formerly of Washington county, now residing near Waco. When he first visited Waco, in 1834, he at once recognized the battle-ground and sink-hole, as described by Chrisholm. The Cherokees did not forget the Tahuacanos, but held them to a strict account.—*J. H. B., in the Galveston Civilian.*

☞ In Reading, Pennsylvania, a few evenings ago, the Know-Nothing Council held a large meeting. A proposition was made that members vote not according to their obligations, but according to their conciences, but the President refused to put the question. He also refused to put a motion that the Council dissolve. He stated, however, that members who desired to withdraw, would be allowed to do so. Accordingly *all those present, except fourteen* (out of a hundred or more) rose and desired to have their names taken from the books.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

☞ A printer says that compositors have a right to complain of dullness, for their business is always at a stand.

☞ Charity begins at home.